Cupid's Magazine:

BEING A

Choice Collection of *New* SONGS,

Sung at *Vauxhall*, *Ranelagh*, the Theatres, and all Places of Public Amusement.

CONTAINING,

1. The Flaxen Headed Milk Maid.
2. Patty Cloven.
3. Molly's Lamentation.
4. Bonny Bet.
5. Inkleden's Sea Song.
6. Nancy Sighing.
7. Sequel to Nancy Sighing.
8. Willy of the Green.
9. Beautiful Nancy.
10. When bidden to the Wake.
11. The Social Fellow.
12. The Sailor's Caution.
13. The Curly Headed Jew Boy.
14. Never get drunk again.
15. The Orange Girl.
16. The Maiden's Tears.
17. The Gleaners.
18. Hoot awa the Loon.
19. A Song in Hide and Seek.
20. Kathlean and Darby.
21. Sleep on, my Kathlean dear.
22. Dear Kathlean you no doubt.
23. Julie's Invitation.
24. The Merry Dance.

A As ſimple as may be,
And next a pretty dairy maid,
I chanted o'er the lee;
But now a fancy chambermaid,
I've got a better place;
I'll dreſs my head with ribbons fine,
Set off my handſome face;
When houſekeeper promoted,
I'll trap a butcher's bill,
My lady's pocket empty,
My own I mean to fill;
And lolling in my chariot,
A lady great I'll be,
You'll forget the little milk maid,
That chanted o'er the lee.
I'll try to get a huſband,
No matter for the pelf,
So I can have a title,
Why then I pleaſe myſelf;
Her ladyſhip I long to be,
A lord or knight I'll have,
If he is rich in honours,
No matter if a knave;
I hope to be a peereſs,
And ſee a birth-day ball,
With [illegible]
My carriage fine to call;
When lolling in my chariot,
A lady great I'll be,
You'll forget the little milk maid,
That chanted o'er the lee.
I'll ſend my lord to India,
His pockets well to fill,
So he does get their treaſure,
The Nabobs he may kill;
With gold and diamonds loaded,
When he returns again,
For honours and for riches
I'll be foremoſt in the train;
A knight of Bath or Garter
I'll purchaſe him, I vow,
And then forget thoſe merry days,
When talking of my cow,
So lolling in my chariot,
A lady great I'll be,
You'll forget the little milk maid,
That chanted o'er the lee.

2. *Patty Clover.*

WHEN little, on the village green
We play'd, I learnt to love her,
She ſeem'd to me ſome fairy queen,
So light tript Patty Clover.
Patty Clover, Patty Clover, &c.
So light, ſo light tript Patty Clover.
With every ſimple childiſh art,
I try'd each day to move her,
The cherry pluck'd, the bleeding heart
I gave to Patty Clover.
The faireſt flowers to deck her breaſt
I choſe, an infant lover,
I ſtole the goldfinch from the neſt,
To ſing to Patty Clover.
Tho' ſtout, I'll ſure be conſtant ſtill,
Nor ever be a rover,
If means increaſe and coffers fill,
'Tis all for Patty Clover.

3. *Molly's Lamentation.*

FArewel, farewel my Polly dear,
Ten thouſand times adieu,
For I muſt croſs the raging ſeas,
Savages to ſubdue.
Come change your ring my deareſt,
Come change your ring with me,
To be a token of my love,
When I am on the ſea.
And when that I am gone, dear love,
And know but where thou art,
A letter unto thee I'll ſend,
With ſecrets of my heart.
All ſecrets of my heart, dear love,
And beſt of my good-will,
For let my body be where 'twill,
My heart is with you ſtill.
Altho' from England I muſt go,
All into foreign parts,
If e'er we meet the ſavages,
We will ſhoot them thro' their hearts.
The crow that flies ſo black, ſo black,
Shall change her colour white,
If ever I prove falſe to thee,
Both night ſhall turn to night.
Both night ſhall turn to night, dear love,
The rocks melt by the ſun,
If ever I prove falſe to thee,
The ſea and land be one.

Now farewel my dearest dear,
I can no longer stay,
For seven years, alas! I'm bound
To sail to Botany Bay.

4. *Bonny Bet.*

NO more I'll court the town bred fair
Who shines in artificial beauty,
For native charms, without compare,
Claim all my love, respect and duty;
O my bonny Bet, sweet blossom,
Was I a king so proud to wear thee,
From the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
To grace thy faithful lover's bosom.
O my bonny, bonny Bet.
Bet, ask me where those beauties lie,
I cannot fly in smile or dimple,
In blooming cheeks or radiant eye,
'Tis happy nature wild and simple.
Let destiny beaux for ladies pine,
And sigh in numbers trite and common
Ye Gods one darling wish be mine,
And all the world is lovely woman.
Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
Like thy bright eye in pleasure dancing,
My heart an thou, so take my soul,
With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing.

5. *Packedon's Sea Song.*

IN storms when clouds obscure the sky
And thunders roll, & lightnings fly,
Mid'st of all those dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms,
The troubled main, the wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove,
Lash'd to the helm,
Shou'd seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee my love.
When rocks appear on every side,
And art is vain the ship to guide,
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thought of thee my bosom cheers,
The troubl'd main, &c.
Shou'd the gracious Powers be kind,
Dispel the gloom and still the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long lost native shore;
No more the main I'd tempt again,
But tender love improve,
Then with thee shou'd happy be,
And think on nought but love.

6. *Nancy sighing.*

A Broad as I was walking one morning in the spring,
I heard a maiden talking, while she did sweetly sing, sadly did complain,
That he might from the Indies safely return again.
Twas for her true love Jemmy she sore
It was my chief fancy that raised me
from my arms to war's alarms
To make my troubles harder he's gone
Where cannons loud do rattle,
fighting with our foe, a fatal blow,
God send him safe from battle, or from
Chorus. I'll still adore my Jemmy,
that's ploughing on the sea.
My true love's tall and handsome, his
complexion it is fair, fit for my dear,
Had I the whole king's ransom I'd give
When he was forced from me I thought
my heart would break, life's at stake
I'm sure he did adore me, but now he
'Tis for my true love Jemmy I lovely
do complain, and for gain,
But now he is gone to India for honor
Whilst ploughing o'er the ocean, oh
him I sigh and mourn, return,
It runs into my notion with riches he'll
Should he be kill'd or wounded, and
ne'er return again, the rural plain.
With senses quite confounded I'll quit
In shady groves I'll wander, & no one
shall me find, Jemmy prove unkind,
There my bones that I moulder should
But God I hope will spare his life safe
homeward to return, twill I mourn,
Then I'll be his lawful wife, no longer
Pray God restore him to my arms, let
him be e'er so poor, other lovers
For he has got ten thousand charms, &c.

7 *Sequel to Nancy sighing.*

CEASE, cease my dear it Nancy,
My joy and only dear,
Let me not perplex your fancy,
Since I'm return'd safe here;
Tho' many dangers I've seen sh
And battles on the seas,
God has restor'd me back to you
From bitter enemies.
Cho. I'll still adore my Nancy
That long has sigh'd for

Then come to me my deareſt,
My joy and heart's delight,
To me you are the fineſt
That ever appear'd in ſight.
I was for your ſweet ſelf, my dear,
Thoſe hardſhips I went through,
But ſince that I have found you here,
To church pray let us go,
She ſaid, my deareſt Jemmy,
My joy and only dear,
I am your faithful Nancy,
Come take me whilſt I'm here;
Then ſtraight ſhe flew into his arms,
He ſaid, my deareſt love,
You are the miſtreſs of all charms,
Bleſt be the Powers above.
To church they went in ſweet content,
The happy knot was ty'd,
In unity their days they ſpent,
Young Jemmy and his bride;
The moſt delightful wife, he ſaid,
That e'er my eyes did ſee,
You now ſhall grace my marriage bed,
Contented will I be.

8. *Willy of the Green.*

ON Fay's ſweet pleaſant banks,
How happy have I ſtray'd,
They call'd me Bonny Bell,
The winſome, laughing maid;
My days I danc'd away,
I ſung from morn to eve,
Till firſt I kenn'd the charms
Of Willy of the Green.
CHO. His eyn bright his ſmiles delight,
None dance or pipe like Willy,
The ſhepherds ant has won my heart,
I ſigh for bonny Willy.
At kirk or on the green,
He looks ſo like a laird,
No other lad with him
Can ever be compar'd;
The laſſes like him weel,
They praiſe his ſparkling eyn,
And ſet their caps to gain
Young Willy of the Green.
He dances wi each laſs,
He ſports wi mickle glee,
But when he ſings of love,
He ſighs and looks at me;
He loves but me alone,
I may believe his eyn,
And I ſhall ſoon be bleſt
Wi Willy of the Green.

9. *Beautiful Nancy.*

I Sat down in a valley by the ſide of a grove,
By a clear chryſtal fountain I ſaw my true love,
The birds were a ſinging, lambs were at play,
On a bank of ſweet violets ſhe careleſſly lay.
When firſt I beheld her my heart was ſurpriz'd,
By the bloom of her cheeks, and her ſparkling eyes,
Young Cupid was cruel, he directed his dart,
For the ſake of my Nancy he wounded my heart.
Now here in this torment I ſtill do remain,
Like a thief that is fetter'd I'm bound in love's chain,
No peace night or day can my heart ever find,
The thoughts of my Nancy do trouble my mind.
Bring me pen, ink and paper, all hen to write,
To my beautiful Nancy, my joy and delight,
She is beautiful and fair,
None in the country can with my love compare.
The ſmall birds on the branches are bleſt with a mate,
The dove is a mourning for my unhappy fate,
The lark now is mounting the air,
Brings joyful tidings from my dear.
Farewel deareſt Nancy, ſince we muſt parted be,
I will away to the mountains where no one ſhall me ſee,
The rocks they ſhall hide me, and
So farewel Nancy, I cannot you have,
Thy loſs it brings me to my grave.

10. *When bidden to the Wake.*

WHen bidden to the wake or fair,
The joy of each free hearted ſwain,
Till Phœbe promis'd to be there,
I loiter'd laſt of all the train.
If chance ſome fairing caught her eye,
The ribbon gay, or ſilken glove,
With eager haſte I ran to buy,
For what is gold compar'd with love?

My posey on her bosom plac'd,
Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale,
Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.
With scorn she hears me now complain,
Nor can my rustic presents move,
Her heart prefers a richer swain,
And gold, alas! has banish'd love.

11. *The Social Fellow.*

EACH jolly fellow that loves to be mellow,
Attend to my song and sit easy,
A jorum in quiet my boys let us try it,
I think it will make a man crazy;
As happy as a king, I laugh, drink and sing,
Let no one appear as a stranger,
Shew me the ass that refuses his glass,
I'll order him hay in the manger.
By reaping sowing, plowing mowing,
Kind nature supplies me with plenty;
A cellar well stor'd, a plentiful board,
My garden affords every dainty;
All things in season, woodcock, season fit reason,
I am here a justice of quorum, [friend
In my cabbin's forend a bed for a
A clear fireside and a jorum, sing,
But for your feeding, or your forefeeding,
You'd surely be starved without me,
I am content when I've paid my rent,
I'm happy when friends are about me,
Draw near to the table, boys, whilst you're able, sing,
Let me hear not a word of complaining,
The jingling of glasses all music surpasses,
I love to see bottles a draining, [passes,
Let the mighty & great roll in grandeur and state,
I envy them not I declare it,
I eat my own ham my chickens & lamb,
I shear my own sheep, and I wear it,
I have lawns and have bowers, have fruit and have flowers,
The lark is my morning's alarmer,
So each jolly fellow who loves to be mellow, farmer.
Drink health and long life to the

12. *The Sailor's Caution.*

ONE night as I lay on my bed,
I lay warm at my ease,
I dreamt about bold mariners,
And sailors on the seas.
We do endure both hot and cold,
And many a bitter blast,
And oftentimes we are oblig'd
To cut away our mast,
And overboard our guns do throw,
With many a cargo brave,
And in the long boat forc'd to jump,
Our precious lives to save.
Our captain in his cabbin stood,
A man of courage stout and bold,
Cheer up my lively jolly lads,
Jump up my hearts of gold,
Our boatswain at the wheel doth stand
Steering his course right well,
He looks around with watery eyes,
Saying, see how the seas do swell.
Our plumber on the deck doth stand,
With lead and line in hand,
To see how far or near we are
From any rock or sand.
The mermaid on the rock doth sit,
With comb and glass in hand,
Cheer up, cheer up, bold mariners,
You are not far from land.
So now cheer up bold mariners,
Or smother in the deep,
All this I do for a sailor's sake,
Whilst losing of my sleep.
Here is a token bold mariners,
A token of good will,
And if ever that you come this way,
'Tis here you will find me still.

13. *The Curly-Headed Jew Boy.*

A Curly headed Jew boy,
As roguish as may be,
With rollers, pins, and hair combs,
In Cheapside you might see;
But soon I got so knowing,
Flats every day took in,
Directed by our Mosish,
To cheat I thought no sin.
CHO. Now lolling in my carriage,
So great a rogue I'll be,
You'll forget the curly Jew boy,
In Cheapside you did see.
O then I traded further,
I rosin sold for wax,
The Dutchman's name on it I forg'd,

And I paid no [illegible] tax,
By this I got de mouth [illegible] man but
Which I lent at cent per cent.
I advertis'd, and ruin'd all
Unto me who were [illegible]
[illegible] I try'd at Lott'ry rig,
[illegible] policies I sold,
My tempting hand bills flew about,
I cheated young and old;
My windows deck'd with china,
And plate likewise in for,
By which each flat into my hat
His money soon did pour.
Next tickets I insured, and
Was paid out every day,
Until their numbers did come up,
O then I ran away;
My clerk they call'd, the windows
Whilst I was snug enough,
For if I get their monish,
Why let them huff and cuff.
So all ye tribe of Israel,
I'd have you take my plan,
The standing rule of which is,
To cheat but when you can;
Then traffick and [illegible]
And try each knave [illegible]
If you can 'scape the [illegible]
Your fortune will be made.

14. *Never get drunk again.*

COme all my hearts of gold, let us
learn to be merry and wise,
It is a true proverb of old, in the scripture God doth us advise,
Whatever you say or do, never drink to distract the brain,
But be merry for an hour or two, and never get drunk again.
A pot of ale is good amongst about three or four,
It will make a man stand on his legs, while a drunkard lies on the floor,
'Tis landlord, come fill us a quart, and let it be claret in grain,
We'll be merry boys before that we go, and never get drunk again.
Enough is as good as a feast, if a man did his measure but know,
A drunkard is worse than a beast when
[illegible] either can stand or go,
Good friendship oft times gets abuse
[illegible] liquor entrances the brain,
We'll be merry for an hour or two and
never get drunk again.
If a man would time recall and bring
back that which is lost,
Sure he would find his grief where
has frolicksome ways had cost.
The money which he had spent in alehouses at night,
It would learn us to be sober all and
never get drunk again.
Here's a health unto George our king,
and the queen with all my heart,
When we never had liquor enough, in
[illegible] we will get,
So a health to [illegible] and Rod,
ney that sail'd on the main,
And to my jolly companions all, may
they never get drunk again.

The Orange Girl.

A sleering black eyd playhouse Nan
A plump and forward wench,
[illegible] basket hanging on her arm,
She tript it o'er each bench;
With shrill notes her fruit she cry'd,
Amongst those bucks and belles,
Do you want any oranges,
Or choice fine nonpareils?
A buck observ'd the sparkling nymph
And as she sidled by,
He caught her foot, and prais'd it much,
But flirt her hand too high;
The girl no freedoms such as these
Had been accustom'd long,
And let him do whate'er he pleas'd
Ne'er thought him in the wrong,
Down by the spark her seat she took,
In hopes her fruit to sell,
And practis'd all her female art,
She knew her business well;
But while one hand at liberty
Her hidden charms enjoy'd,
In rummaging her basket through
The other was employ'd.
He chose an orange from the rest,

what is the price?
is fixpence, fir, for one to fine,
hardly will ſuffice,
carry no commodity
ut what is fit for uſe,
Then have it, fir, and take my word
ou'll find it full of juice.

16. *The Maiden's Tears.*

Come you lads, and come you laſſes,
That are leagues from your love,
Come and ſit you down beſide me,
Talk to one that is in love.
Cho. Singing ſweetly, quite com-
All you angels from above, [pleatly,
And if ever I ſhould marry,
I ſhall be to the man I love.
Was all the world of one religion,
And every creature was to die,
The world would range my mind
None ſo deep in love as I. [change,
And if ever I ſhould marry,
Or ſhould I inconſtant prove,
I ſhall be to my darling Harry,
For he is the only man I love.
Farewel lads and farewel laſſes,
Since of you I've had my choice,
I'll away to yonder mountain,
Where I think I hear his voice.
If he'll halloo I will follow
Round the world I'd freely ride,
He's the man that I have promis'd
For to be his lawful bride.
Now my love's gone o'er the ocean,
And left his deareſt dear behind,
My tender heart is all in motion,
More tormented is my mind.
Tho' we're abſent at a diſtance,
Many leagues from my true love,
Still my heart is always with him,
Bleſs him all ye powers above.

17. *The Gleaners.*

WHEN the roſy morn appearing,
Paints with gold a verdant lawn,
Bees on banks of thyme diſporting,
Sip the ſweets and hail the dawn.
Warbling birds the ſpring proclaiming
Carol ſweet th' enlivening train,
They forſake their leafy dwelling,
To ſecure the golden grain.
See, content the humble gleaners
Take the ſcatter'd ears that fall,
Nature all her children viewing,
Kindly bounteous cares for all.
When his weary talk is over,
Ended with the ſetting ſun,
Soon the hind forgets his labour,
To his low'r cot does run.
Lisping babes all fly to meet him,
And receive a father's pray'r,
His lov'd partner ſmiles to ſee them
Climb the envy'd kiſs to ſhare.
Balmy ſleep attends his pillow,
Free from ſorrow, free from fear,
Heav'n born guards all moments watch
Peace and innocence live here. [him.

18. *Hoot awa the Loon.*

WHen weary Sol gang'd down the weſt,
And ſiller Cynthia roſe, [
The flower enamell'd bank I preſt,
Where chryſtal Eden flows;
Young Jockey ſat him by my ſide,
I ken'd his meaning ſoon,
He aſk'd a kiſs, I ſcornful cry'd,
Ah! hoot awa, ye loon.
Dear Peggy din a ſtout a youth,
Nor gi' that boſom pain,
Which pants wi' honor and wi' truth,
To take thee for its ain;
He ſaid, Mess John ſhould us unite,
If I to kirk wad gang,
My boſom beat wi' new delight,
With him I went alang;
The bonny lad I found ſincere,
Not waining like the moon,
So dear I loo him, I na mair
Will hoot awa the loon.

19. *A Song in Hide and Seek.*

IN the exercise manual we heroes go thro' [fire, boo I.
Of ſhoulder your firelock, preſent,
I don't know how it is, tho' I make ſhift to paſs, (glaſs,
I can excercise beſt with the bottle and
Then haſte to the camp, for as long d'ye ſee, [I'll be.
As good wine is commander, a ſoldier
So profound my reſpect to good wine, that I doubt

I may chance to desert, when the bottles are out, [bottle incline,
Yet the bravest must sometimes the
And I'll prove, my boys, to the last drop of wine.

20. *Kathleen and Darby.*

SInce Kathleen has prov'd so untrue, ri tol, &c.
Poor Darby, ah! what can you do, tol,
No longer I'll stay here a clown,
But sell off and gallop to town, tol de,
I'll dress and I'll strut with an air, tol,
The barber shall twiggle my hair, tol.
In town I shall cut a great dash,
But how for to compass the cash,
At gaming perhaps I may win,
With cards I can take the flats in,
Or trundle false dice and they nick'd,
If found out, I shall only be kick'd,
But first for to get a great name,
By a duel establish my fame,
To my man then a challenge I'll write,
But first, I'll be sure he won't fight,
We'll swear not to part till we fall,
Then shoot without powder, and the devil a ball.

21. *Two Songs in the Poor Soldier.*

Mr. JOHNSON, as Dermott.

SLeep on, sleep on my Kathleen dear, [here,
Let peace rest in thy breast,
Or dost thou think thy Dermott's
Deprived of sleep and rest; [breaks,
The birds sing sweet, the morning
Those joys are none to me, [wakes,
For sleep being fled, poor Dermott
To none but love and thee.

22. Mr. EDWIN, as Darby.

DEar Kathleen you, no doubt,
Know my love how great it is,
Dogs bark and cocks have crowed out,
You little think how late it is;
Last night so gay I post away,
To have with you a bit of play,
On two legs rid I long to bid
Good morning to your night cap,
Last night a little browsy,
With wisky, ale, and cyder,
I ask'd of Betsy Bowsey,
To let me sit beside her.
Her anger rose, as sour as sloes,
The little gipsy cock'd her nose,
But here I've rid, and long to bid
Good morning to your night cap.

23. *Julia's Invitation.*

LEt me gentle pilgrim, entreat you
comply, [deny,
I'm sure by your looks you cannot
Kind sir we beg you'll deign to stay,
To hail with glee our wedding day,
All on the green with garlands gay,
and fair, [time shall
O what delight, wou'd you our pastWith dance and song we'll join the throng
And banish every care; [throng
For such a theme tho' young I seem,
Yet sing I may one tender lay,
O love, O gentlest power,
Smile on the wedding hour,
You see, my dear father, tho' young I am,
can please, [with ease
The pilgrim will stay, I have won him
Yes, yes, I'm sure he can't say nay,
We all shall keep this holiday;
Then on the green, your pleasure to
enhance,
If you but think to Julie to advance
Altho' not yet tall as Laurette,
I think you'll own I can dance.

24. *The Merry Dance.*

THE merry dance I dearly love,
For then Colet thy hand I seize
And press it too, whene'er I please,
And none can see, and none reprove.
Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow
And then we whisper soft and low,
We whisper, whisper, soft and low,
Ah! how I grieve, ah! how I grieve,
I grieve you ne'er her charms can
know.
She's sweet fifteen I'm one year more,
But still we are too young they say,
But we know better sure than they,
Youth should not listen to threescore,
And I'm resolv'd to tell her so,
When next we whisper soft and low,
We whisper, whisper soft and low,
Ah! how I grieve, &c. [know
I grieve you ne'er her charms can

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